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VOL. VII — M'KINNEY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1890 — NO. 43

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AN IMMENSE TEXAS FARM.

Ten Thousand Acres Purchased in a Body and to Be Planted in Wheat.

BURGLARS MAKE A FAIR HAUL AT FATE.

Sam Jones' Efforts at Palestine Attended With Great Success and Many People Profess Religion.

COLORADO, Tex., Nov. 26.—A business enterprise has just become generally known here which, when put in operation in the near future, will be the best advertisement west Texas ever had. A company of capitalists, among them some of the best business men of Dallas, Fort Worth and some from this place, have purchased 10,000 acres of land on the railroad at Vista, ten miles east of here, and will convert the entire body into an immense wheat field. This land was selected after an examination of the country in the panhandle and in other parts of this section and was chosen for its peculiar adaptability to the purpose. The tract lies high and almost perfectly level and the soil is rich and deep, almost entirely without timber. This flat, which is ten miles wide, extends forty miles north and south, all of it being perfectly adapted to cultivation. It is understood that the price paid for the land was $8 per acre for that on railroad and $4 per acre for that back.

Sam Jones' Great Success.

PALESTINE, Tex., Nov. 26.—The stores, railroad shops and general offices, schools and a few of the saloons closed yesterday evening in order to give every one an opportunity to hear Sam Jones' closing sermon. About 300 people have professed religion. Over 300 handed in their names Monday night and yesterday for membership in the various denominations of this city, which is only about half the number for this city alone. An excursion from this city went with Sam Jones to hear him lecture at Tyler last night. The evangelist has made another appointment for this place next year.

Awful Accident.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 22.—Yesterday morning when a freight train of the Aransas Pass railway had reached a point three miles this side of Floresville, William W. McKinney, a brakeman, was passing over a gang plank connecting two coal cars when the plank became displaced, throwing McKinney under the train. Fourteen cars passed over him and his side and shoulders were bruised and one of his legs so badly crushed as to necessitate amputation as he reached the hospital in this city.

Belligerent Blacks.

WACO, Tex., Nov. 24.—Saturday night a drunken negro was going along Austin avenue cursing and jostling every one he met, saying he would whip some white man. When he ran into Ab Vaughn he was rebuked for his rudeness, and the negro, Jackson Terrell, ran at Vaughn with an open knife in his hand. Vaughn got out his pocket-knife and stabbed the darky in the neck and that ended his rowdyism. Vaughn surrendered himself to Officer Moore. The negro is not badly hurt.

Mexican Killers Caught.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., Nov. 25.—Reliable information reached here yesterday to the effect that two of the four Mexicans who killed Will Landram in Upton county on the 21st of last July, by shooting him from his horse when in pursuit of the Mexicans to recover two stolen saddles which they had taken from the Balett ranch, have been arrested and fully identified. The whereabouts of the remaining two are known and officers have gone to capture them.

A Haul by Burglars.

FATE, Tex., Nov. 26.—A burglary was perpetrated here Sunday night. The store of Nusel & Shelby was entered through a window and, securing the combination to the safe, which was written on a card in the desk, they unlocked the safe and got about $600 in cash and $25 or $30 worth of postage stamps and $5 or $30 worth of tobacco, cigars and canned goods. As far as learned no arrests have been made.

Handled His Gun Carelessly.

WHARTON, Tex., Nov. 25.—Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, Nathan Morris, a 17-year-old colored boy, living six miles from town, accidentally shot and killed his mother and fatally wounded his grandmother. It seems he had taken his Winchester out to kill a hawk and on returning to the house, his gun, which he was handling very carelessly, was accidentally discharged, the one shot doing all the mischief.

An Ex-Justice Arrested.

WEATHERFORD, Nov. 21.—Yesterday M. Roderic, ex-justice of the peace at Springtown, in this county, was arrested in five cases, three on the charge of misapplying public funds and two for embezzlement. Mr. Roderic has many friends who think he is innocent. He was well thought of by the majority of the people in his community and was twice elected justice by an overwhelming majority.

Wouldn't Get Off.

WHARTON, Tex., Nov. 25.—About 8 o'clock yesterday evening, as the eastbound freight train was leaving town, some negroes were discovered taking a ride in an empty coal car. Upon being ordered off they refused, whereupon the brakeman who ordered them off fired his pistol at them, slightly wounding Tom Wallace in the leg. The negroes claim they paid their fare.

The Last One Nabbed.

VAN HORN, Tex., Nov. 21.—It is learned by wire that the last one of the Kent robbers have been captured at Alpine and sent to El Paso. It is also learned indefinitely that he has been wounded, but do not know how badly. This makes a clean sweep of every one of the band. Their names are as follows: Smith, who gave the plot away, Kouch, Bird and Vandergrip.

A Most Revolting Deed.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Nov. 21.—Mollie Stone who, she alleges, seduced her. Rupert is a plasterer by trade, and he was arrested at his boarding house on Second street. When the warrant was read to him he showed considerable surprise and the officers say he did not deny the accusation, but when they put him in jail he claimed that it was his intention to marry the girl. Mollie Stone is half-witted and a cripple. When she was 9 years old she was attacked with scrotula, her bones all shrivelled up and her limbs were all drawn out of shape. She has no use of her legs and has to walk on her knees with the assistance of a light pine box. Her body is very small, and her hands and arms are all drawn out of shape and her face is distorted out of its natural shape. In fact, she is not as large as she was at 9, although she is now 22. Any one with the least spark of humanity, to look upon this crippled, half-witted creature and realize the heinous and atrocious crime this brute has committed and which he does not deny, can't help but feel the blood curdle in his veins. It is beyond question the most revolting and shocking depredation ever perpetrated on a civilized community. The lowest type of barbarism is nothing to compare.

Exciting Experience.

PARIS, Texas, Nov 24.—A remarkable circumstance took place in this city a few mornings ago. Mr. C. D. Waldo, wife and child board at Mr. Sam Weeb's, on south Jefferson street. They occupy two rooms, which are isolated from the main building. Mrs. Waldo attends to her own rooms, which have a door between them. On the morning in question Mrs. Waldo swept and dusted one room and went into the other with her child, closing the door between the two. The little child wanted to go back into the room, but Mrs. Waldo was busy and would not open the door. After a little while, when she had finished, she opened the door and started back into the other room when she was horrified to see a large rattlesnake coiled up in the center of the room. Seizing her child, she ran into the yard and called to a passerby, who came in and killed it. How it got there is a mystery, as the floor is fully two feet from the ground and Mrs. Waldo had swept out the room only a few minues before.

A Very Obliging Judge.

PARIS, Tex., Nov. 20.—Hon. David E. Bryant, judge of the eastern district of Texas, proved himself to be one of the most obliging men in the world while passing sentence on a man yesterday. J. C. Biglow had been convicted of introducing and selling liquors in the Indian territory. He has one leg. In sentencing him the judge said he felt like he ought to send him to the penitentiary, but on account of his maimed condition he would let him off and give him ninety days in the Paris jail. The man demurred, saying he had been in jail some time already and would prefer to go to the penitentiary. "Very well," said the judge. "I'll make it a year and a day in the house of correction at Detroit." Biglow was crestfallen.

In a Pool of Blood.

COMANCHE, Tex., Nov. 20.—A man was found in one of the buildings on the south side, owned by Mayor Thomas, lying in a pool of blood and unconscious. He was taken at once to the Maddox hotel and medical aid procured, but all efforts to keep him alive or even restore him to consciousness were unavailing. No one knew anything about the cause of his death. His head was severely bruised by a blow. It is generally supposed that while intoxicated he attempted to climb the steps, which are without banisters, and losing his equilibrium fell to the floor and received the fatal shock. Physicians say a blood vessel was broken near the brain. His name was Redmon, and his profession was that of a plasterer.

Shot Through the Neck.

FRAZER, Tex., Nov. 20.—Col. Risinger, boss of the T. E. cattle outfit was shot and instantly killed at Mangum Saturday. It seems that he and Sam Pendergraft, proprietor of the Cowboy saloon, had a difficulty over some trivial matter, when sixshooters were drawn. Risinger was shot through the neck, causing instant death. The preliminary hearing is now in progress.

A Student Suicides.

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 24.—About 2 p. m. yesterday Wesley Gordon Bonner of the university law class suicided at Mrs. Gray's boarding house near the university. It is presumed that he took laudanum. He left three letters, one to his brother in Lufkin, where he lived, one enclosing a draft to pay his board and one to a college mate.

Heroic but Unfortunate.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 24.—Mrs. Charles H. Mayfield met with a painful accident late Saturday night, burning her hands badly in attempting to extinguish the flames of kerosene ignited by the explosion of a lamp near the bedside. The lady's heroism saved the house from destruction, but will cause her the loss of the use of both hands for a a fortnight.

Serious Accident.

LULING, Tex., Nov. 25.—Thos. Wilson of this place received a very severe injury yesterday evening. He was struck by the west bound Southern Pacific passenger train while attempting to cross the track. There is quite a gash in the back of his head and the skull is shaved as if by a chisel, but not cracked. The physicians think he will recover.

Knocked Senseless.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Tex., Nov. 22—W. B. Loving, a prominent citizen of the western part of this county, in coming to town yesterday morning the spring seat of the wagon became disarranged and threw him head foremost to the ground, the fall knocking him senseless, and for a time it was thought he was seriously hurt.

A Prey to Misfortune.

MESQUITE, Tex., Nov. 25.—Mr. C. V. Austin, formerly of this community but now of Kaufman county, lost his wife on the 17th inst. She died very suddenly. On Friday his oldest son died. Himself and another child are now both confined to their beds and not expected to recover.

Took a Large Dose of Potash.

COMANCHE, Tex., Nov. 22.—Mr. Wallis, an old man living a few miles in the county and father of our district clerk

NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Gleanings from Crime's Calendar Served to Suit the General Rush.

SERIOUS AND SENSATIONAL SORTINGS.

Foreign Flashes Across the Wave Rife with News of National Moment from Other Lands.

DOMESTIC.

The W. C. T. U. convention meets at Boston next year.

The business portion of Barton, O., was destroyed by fire Friday.

Fire destroyed the Wertheimer block in San Francisco, causing a loss of $200,000.

A large banana tree in a greenhouse at Flint, Mich., is bearing a small bunch of fruit.

Michael J. Sullivan, a wealthy Chicago contractor, suicided last week on account of ill health.

Twenty-five Cedar Rapids saloonkeepers have been arrested for selling liquor on election day.

It is proposed to have a cooking school in connection with the public schools of Newnan, Ga.

Ottawa, Kan., boasts of a rooster so large that it must be helped upon its roost every night.

Another New York Central train was wrecked by miscreants last week, but nobody was injured.

A factory for extracting the juice of the palmetto berries has been established at New Smyrna, Fla.

Daniel S. Appleton of the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co., died in New York on the 20th inst.

Captain G. W. Fenton, an ex-naval officer, died at Missouri Valley, Ia., last week of heart disease.

Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D., editor of Congregationalists, died at New Bedford, Mass., on the 20th inst.

Poweshiek county, Ia., has paid out $11,000 so far this season for gopher scalps at 5 cents a head.

Three laborers were blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite in a stone quarry at Lima, O., recently.

The largest bearskin in the world is in Kansas City. It was taken from an animal weighing 2,830 pounds.

The Minnesota supreme court has rendered a decision that railroad tickets bought of scalpers are good.

Alleged serious charges have been made in court against the Mutual Fire Insurance company of Chicago.

The Knox County Savings bank of Mount Vernon, O., has suspended. Liabilities $17,000, assets $20,000.

John B. Landrum, internal revenue collector, sixth Kentucky district, died at Covington, Ky., a few days ago, after a brief illness.

John Arnold, an old resident of Walton and one of the pioneers of Boone county, Kentucky, committed suicide a few days ago.

A ward in the Touro infirmary at New Orleans is being fitted up for the Koch treatment of consumption. Lymph has been sent for.

The largest grain elevator in Princeton, Ill., was recently burned to the ground. The building was valued at $30,000; insurance $10,000.

At a session of the Methodist general missionary committee in Boston appropriations were made for China, Malaysia, Bulgaria and Italy.

Rev. Simeon P. Polapieri, who was for a time the representative of the German bishops at Rome, died in Boston recently after a long illness.

Fire destroyed the Hamilton hotel and a number of dwellings and stores at Biggs, Cal., a few days ago. John Beck perished in the flames.

Thieves from Oklahoma and Kansas are making way with the improvements made on the Cherokee strip by the cattlemen valued at $100,000.

Jacob Penn, one of the oldest settlers of Otoe county, Neb., died at his home near Dunbar, aged sixty-five years. He came to Nebraska in 1859.

John A. Honig, a German grocer, suicided in Savannah, Ga., last week by shooting himself through the head in a fit of insanity caused by drink.

Because he lost heavily in western investments Frank P. Banscom, a prominent citizen of Montpelier, Vt., committed suicide by cutting his throat.

George T. Mason was arrested in Baltimore recently charged with the larceny of a yacht valued at $1800, belonging to Walton P. Willis of New York.

Charles Osterman, Fry Barto and Edward Brown, aged respectively 16, 11 and 14 years, were drowned a few days ago while skating on Elk lake, Wis.

Carl Schultz, a farm hand, was driving a tractious team at Freehold, N. J., recently, when they ran away. He was thrown under the wheels and killed.

David McLean, ex-president of the Savannah, Mo., National bank, has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for defrauding the depositors of money.

The Cherokee Strip Livestock association will sue the government for $1,000,000 damages for ejecting them from the strip two years before their lease expired.

Arrangements have been completed whereby the establishment of a steam ferry across the Manatee river at Bardentown, Fla., is assured in the near future.

Near Elmira, N. Y., E. L. Price shot and killed Miss Lou Woodward and then killed himself. The couple had eloped. The girl was 17. Price was a married man.

Tom Keith, who was making a disturbance on a Wabash, Mo., suburban train, was shot and killed at Ferguson, Mo., recently by Watchman John S. Davis.

A company of capitalists are maturing a scheme to furnish water for flooding rice farms over a large area of Calcasieu parish Louisiana, at a comparatively low price.

The funeral service over the remains of Rear Admiral Charles Steedman, retired, took place in Washington recently. The body was taken to Boston, Mass., for interment.

Louisiana farmers are engaging extensively in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, and a large immigration of industrious white citizens is flowing into the state.

Charles Jones of Cartersville, Ga., brother of Rev. Samuel Jones, shot Jim Young, colored, three times last week. Young lived only a few minutes. Jones was jailed.

A number of New York city letter-carriers have been discovered to be in league with "green goods" men—dealers in counterfeit money—and they will be prosecuted.

A handsome sum of money was realized for the establishment of a permanent home for disabled confederate soldiers by [illegible]

making over his interest in the packing house of Armour, Cudahy & Co. at Omaha in exchange for Mr. Cudahy's interest in the Chicago house of Armour & Co.

The Washington Daily Critic has been sold again. A company of local business men has been formed and has bought almost all the stock of the paper, the price paid being $30,000.

Shelby Jones, treasurer of the Hall-Wells Hardware company of Kansas City, who was accused of being short $100,000, killed himself last week. He left a note saying the accusation was unjust.

The old state prison at Nashville, Tenn., is almost deserted, the prisoners being assigned to labor in various mines. It is not likely that the ancient structure will ever be used as a prison again.

Johann Hirsch, an unsophisticated German living near Fairfield, Ia., fell in with a "green goods" man while on a visit to New York and traded $500 in good currency for a small box of sawdust.

The Lumbermen's and Manufacturers' Fire association of Minneapolis, Minn., organized five years ago, has been placed in the hands of a receiver. The assets are largely in excess of the liabilities.

Madison county, Georgia, has just been awarded the first premium of $500 on agricultural exhibits at the Southern exposition Montgomery. This and the state fair premiums approximate $2500.

Judge Pratt of the Kings county, New York, supreme court has granted a stay of proceedings in the case of Dr. McGonegal, convicted of the death by malpractice of the cigarette girl, Annie Goodwin.

Willie Traub, the 15-year-old boy shot with a Flobert rifle several days ago in Louisville, Ky., by Mrs. Vogel because he came into her yard for a lost marble, has since died from the effects of the wound.

By a premature explosion of dynamite in Custer's stone quarry, near Lima, O., Charles Burkett, Henry Wiserup and George Fisher were blown to pieces, and Frank Fisher and Samuel Watt seriously injured.

A license of incorporation has been issued at Springfield, Ill., to the Baltimore Tin Plate company of Chicago to manufacture and sell tin plates and tinware of all kinds. Capital stock $2,000,000.

The association for the preservation of Virginia antiquities, lately formed at Richmond, will take steps for the protection of the old colonial house of Jamestown, the most ancient colonial ruin in America.

A man named Moreland placed some dynamite near a stove in his dwelling in Duluth, Mich., to thaw. It exploded, killing Moreland and badly injuring his wife and four children, none of whom, however, will die.

The largest cotton planter in the world is James S. Richardson of New Orleans, La., who own 49,000 acres of cotton land and employs 9000 negroes. He has refused an English syndicate's offer of $2,500,000 for his plantations.

It cost Polk county, Ia., $1511.40 for witnesses alone in the two trials of William Piper, the man charged with wrecking a Rock Island train near Des Moines last spring. The total cost of proving the man guilty was about $3000.

The election of James E. Boyd as governor of Nebraska was celebrated by the Democracy of Omaha last week with a gigantic procession, fireworks and speeches. Many people were present from the surrounding cities and towns.

The seventy-seventh birthday of Hon. Allen G. Thurman was celebrated by a great gathering of Democrats at Columbus, O., Thursday. There was a public reception, a banquet and speeches by ex-President Cleveland and other prominent politicians.

Norfolk, Neb., is jubilant over securing the second beet sugar factory in the state. To secure it a bonus of $150,000 was put up and fifty acres of land. The Oxnards will build and operate the factory. Work on the plant will be commenced at once.

Joe Bennett and his wife of Walton county, Georgia, are the parents of fifteen living children. They never lost a child. All the children are blessed with sound minds and sound bodies. There are six boys and nine girls. Only three are married.

All the granite cutters and sharpeners employed by the New England Granite company of Concord, N. H., 260 in number, left their work a few days ago because of a disagreement as to the meaning of a clause in the bill of prices providing a method of paying off.

A company has been incoporated at Springfield, Ill., with a capital of $1,000,000, to build an underground display mine for the purpose of exhibiting the mineral resources of the United States at the World's fair and to give entertainments in connection therewith.

Five hundred Mason county, Kentucky, tobacco growers met at Maysville last week and adopted resolutions condemning the Louisville-Cincinnati combine. The erection of warehouses and breaks at Maysville, Lexington and other central points in the tobacco-producing sections of the state was favored, and delegates appointed to the tobacco-growers' convention at Lexington.

FOREIGN.

The king of Holland is dead.

The Duke of Clarence has arrived in Berlin.

Queen Emma will take the oath as regent of Holland on November 20.

The Irish members of parliament have resolved to remain loyal to Parnell.

Financial circles are agitated in the City of Mexico over the decline in silver.

The Mexican authorities have decided again to permit bull fights in the federal district.

Cuba's sugar crop is cut short by the drouth. In one province it is only 6 per cent of last year.

Barry Sullivan, the celebrated tragedian, is lying seriously ill at his residence in Brighton, England.

The first English patient suffering from tuberculosis has been successfully inoculated with Dr. Koch's curative lymph at Berlin.

Maurice Bernhardt, son of Sara Bernhardt, who lately wounded his antagonist in duel, is allowed $35,000 a year for expenses, and he runs in debt besides.

Professor Koch will found a hospital for the treatment of consumptives by his method. The building will be located on Albrecht strasse, and will contain 100 beds.

The postmaster general of Canada has opened negotiations with the governments of Jamaica, the Leeward Islands and Baradoes for a direct parcel post and an interchange of money orders.

A serious riot occurred recently at a place fifteen miles distant from Moscow. A body of troops shot and wounded 100 peasants for refusing to receive the commands of the newly appointed district officials.

At the wedding of the Princess Victoria of Prussia, in accordance with an old custom, the bride's garter will be cut [illegible]

BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE ORIENTALIST'S EVENTFUL RIDE TO MECCA.

The Daring Englishman Accompanied a Mussulman Caravan to the Holy City and Gazed Upon Mohammedan Sanctuaries at the Risk of His Life.

Sir Richard Burton — traveler, linguist, Orientalist — was the Humboldt of the past generation. His recent death created scarcely any stir in a world that lionized him thirty years ago. His most noteworthy accomplishment was his famous pilgrimage to the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, one of the most brilliant romances ever enacted. The expedition was fraught with the deadliest peril, for the Mohammedans consider nothing more desecrating than the gaze of infidel eyes upon the Holy Kaaba at Mecca and the grave of the Prophet at Medina. Had Burton's true character been discovered he would have been subjected to instant death.

Burton went to Cairo early in 1853, where great preparations were being made for the annual pilgrimage. He assumed the character and costume of a dervish, but after a short residence at Cairo he decided to give up the dervish's gown, pantaloons and shirt, and to represent himself as an Indian physician. His naturally swarthy complexion and full black beard assisted him greatly in his disguise.

Of the three routes from Cairo to Mecca he chose the one by sea from Suez, and having hired his dromedaries and thoroughly equipped himself as one of the faithful he took his place in the caravan and set out. He was held in the greatest veneration by his fellow-travelers, who, with all their well-known keenness, failed to penetrate his disguise.

The passage from Suez to Yambu was eventful for a stop which was made at Moses' hot baths, the place to which the Mohammedans credit the miraculous bringing of water from the rock. Here Burton came near revealing himself. A great boulder, with four large indentations, which the Mohammedans believe are the marks of Moses' finger nails, was surrounded by a reverent crowd of the faithful. Burton unknowingly walked up to the rock and examined it closely, passing his hands over it. Instantly there was a howl of rage and indignation. Burton immediately understood that it was sacrilegious to touch the stone. Hastily picking up a little green lizard that reposed in one of the crevices, he turned to the pilgrims and, holding up the reptile before their eyes, cried out in Arabic:

"O, sons of the Prophet and the chosen of Allah, could I stand by and see this vile thing leave its trail on the sacred stone that has been pressed by the holy fingers of our ancestor?"

His presence of mind saved him, and they applauded him with cries of "The Prophet protect thee, O son of the sun!"

At Yambu Burton hired four camels and, after a few days' rest, during which he changed his dress for that of an Arab, he set out with a grain caravan for the Holy City.

The caravan consisted of two hundred camels, traveling in Indian file, head tied to tail. Certain of Burton's manners and modes of speech excited first the curiosity and then the suspicion of his fellows, and a hundred times his immediate companions and servants were on the point of denouncing him. But he soon distinguished himself for bravery and generalship in the frequent encounters with the Bedouin robbers of the desert, and it was not long before his powers of persuasion and his seeming reverence had overcome all their suspicions. The pilgrimage had not been out ten days before he was accorded a position scarcely inferior to that of the grand pasha of the caravan.

At last, after a journey of great difficulty and danger, the party came within view of the white Mosques of Medina, and feasting their eyes with a gaze at the Holy City, the whole caravan joined in prayer.

Sheik Abdullah, after performing the required ablutions, and dressed in white clothes, the favorite color of the prophet, started on his holy errand at the mosque. Here his ignorance of a very small matter nearly caused his death. At the door of the mosque he removed his sandals, but instead of putting his right foot forward upon crossing the threshold, he unknowingly stepped in with his left foot. One of the faithful, who was close behind him, noticed the action, which is considered a gross sacrilege, and drawing a knife from underneath his shroud walked after the Englishman. But the Sheik Abdullah had already fallen on his knees and in a seeming rapture was reciting the 109th and 112th chapters of the Koran.

The Mussulman, reassured, retired.

The Damascus caravan arrived at Medina a few days later, and thousands of pilgrims, camels, horses, soldiers and nondescripts filled the holy city and crowded the holy places. The English adventurer mixed freely among the new party, sustaining perfectly his character as Abdullah the Afghan, and joined them in their various ceremonies. Their devotions concluded at Medina, the united caravans took up the weary march to Mecca, an even more dangerous journey than from Yambu to Medina. When the Holy City at last came into view the Sheik Abdullah could scarce repress his feeling of triumph. His were almost the first Christian eyes to gaze upon the white city of the desert since the days of the Prophet of Islam. His motive in making the pilgrimage was one of curiosity merely. It was certainly not the motive which prompted him to visit the giant fragments of hoar antiquity in Egypt or the remains of barbaric gorgeousness in India.

He penetrated the most sacred and hallowed chambers and sanctuaries of [illegible]

and not once during the sojourn at Mecca was suspicion excited.

When the thinned and weary caravan at last trod the streets of Cairo the Sheik Abdullah, being no longer obliged to keep up the deception and being annoyed at one of the pranks of his mules, burst into a volley of old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon expletives. An old dragoman, who knew English, was riding beside him. The effect was electrical. He wheeled his mule and rode the entire length of the caravan denouncing the serpent. Inside of five minutes the air was filled with cries and shouts:

"By the name of Allah, I would have cut the infidel dog to pieces had I known it! Did he not throw dirt on the tomb of the prophet, with whom be the peace of God forever? Did he not defile the most holy mountain? Allah preserve me! Did he not look with unsanctified eyes on the most reverend Kaaba? May our Lord and prophet remember him in the judgment."

But Burton, safe under the flag of his own country, laughed in their beards.

Kissing the Bride.

It is a pretty custom when a marriage knot is tied
For all the men who witness it to kiss the blushing bride;
The pastor, with his privilege of leading the attack.
Performs the pleasing duty with a loud and hearty smack.
The "best man" quickly follows, then the brothers of the groom,
Then all the married gentlemen that may be in the room;
Some kiss her rather timidly; some with a warm embrace,
Will on the bride's rosy lips a dozen kisses place.
When every man has kissed her on the eyes and nose and chin,
And mouth and cheeks and—forehead—then the bridegroom may begin,
But if he wants a spot untouched by lips of others near
He fain must plant his kiss divine upon her neck or ear.
O, yes, a merry custom is the kissing of the bride
By all the jolly gentlemen who see the love-knot tied;
And it might yet be merrier if all the ladies too,
Would copy from the gentleman and kiss the husband new.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Viewed under a powerful microscope the human skin is as full of holes as a piece of lace.

M. Charlois of Nice, France, has discovered two more planets, thus raising the whole number known to 298.

M. Cobes of Buenos Ayres informed the French association that he had been led to conclude from experiment that all living animals have a surface of absorption and respiration which has the power of absorbing oxygen when hypodermically injected in precisely the same manner as gas is absorbed when taken in by the lungs. If M. Cobes's theory be correct it can be applied to persons suffering from temporary affection of the lungs.

The average level of the solid earth has been calculated by Dr. John Murray, says Public Opinion, to be 1400 fathoms below sea level; but more recent explorations show greater ocean depths, according to Dr. H. R. Mill, and a mean sphere level at a depth of 1700 fathoms. That is, all the land above the level of 1700 fathoms beneath the sea would have to be filled into the greater depths in order to give equal height to all parts of the solid earth.

Prof. Moller of Carlsruhe has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3000 and 7000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4000 feet to 5000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottoms of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Prof. Moller on the Netleberg was over 1200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 3700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life, says General John Bidwell in the November Century. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the grounds fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals, and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.

A Miracle Turned His Brain.

Visitor (at the asylum): "That young man has a rather intelligent look. Is he violent?" Attendant: "Oh, no, that's one of the mildest patients we have. He used to be a faith curist." Visitor: "What occurred to turn his brain?" Attendant: [illegible]

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Address,

DEMOCRAT PUB. CO.,
McKinney, Texes.

EDITORIALS.

THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1890

It is now the Farmers' Alliance.

These seem to be days of "scratching."

Farmers' Alliance is a huge 'un.

Intemperance will not purchase the necessaries of life.

Industry, supplemented by economy, is the only honest road to wealth.

The Farmers' Alliance did it with its declaration of principles.

Farming is an independent and happy life when it is amply rewarded.

The man with the hoe will eventually get there in good shape and "don't you forget it."

Does farming pay? Well, its owing to the price paid for its products.

The night of sorrow can only receive light from the star of hope. Let us not obstruct its rays.

Before a man attempts to boycott he had better investigate the size of the thing he is to butt against.

How long, O, Lord! how long must we wade in mud while crossing our streets?—Austin Statesman.

It's entirely owing to the width of the streets and how sober you are.—Sherman Courier.

How long? Why until the city dads come to your relief, sobor or no sober. Turn your pitition to your city dads.

Some quibblers are pointing to the success of the democratic party in Massachusetts as evidence that the Alliance has had but little to do with the results of the election. In New England the Farmers League made itself felt. In the Middle Northern states the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association and Patrons of Industry were factors of no mean proportion, while in the South and Northwest the Alliance showed its power. The Alliance also was present at the elections in New York, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. In fact, the results of the late election can all be traced to the action of the Alliance and other agricultural organizations. Wise politicians will not fail to recognize this fact. —National Economist.

The Farmers' Alliances are determined to make war upon sectionalism and its advocates wherever they may show their heads. In this, at least, the Farmers' Alliances deserve the support of moderate men of all all parties.—Philadelphia Record.

The Farmers' Alliances do not propose to "make war" on anything. They will, however, stand square and firm in defense of their principles, and in endeavoring to carry out their laudable undertakings, may put to flight many evil, scheming oppositions. If, in their operations, the alliances sever sectional lines, they should receive the hearty support of men of all political parties. To the Alliance, it seems, the people must look for the

He is Only a Printer.

He is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy —the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and and the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The present czar of Russia, the crown prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenberg are printers, and the Emperor of China works in his private printing office almost every day. William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gales, Charles Richardson, James Harper, Horace Greeley, Chas. Dickins, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron, and Schuyler Colfax? Printers, all, and practical ones. Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte, and Opie Reed, are plain, practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb of Kansas and James S. Hogg of Texas are both printers; and the leader of science and philosophy in his day, made it his boast that he was a "jour" printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country to-day are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It isn't every one that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.—The Century.

An Error,

In the issue of a few days since the Register erred in stating that E. R. Stiff was held on a criminal charge in the courts at Gainesville. The true facts in the case are, that he was simply a party to a civil suit. In justice to Mr. Stiff the Regis the requests such of its exchanges as have mentioned the case to at once correct it, as it is a mistake calculated by further dissemination to do Mr. Stiff great injury. The error is one of those unintentional mishaps which are likely to occur during the journalistic career of any editor, and we are satisfied our exchanges, appreciating it as such, will at once rectify any mistake they may have made because of having seen it in these columns. We especially request the McKinney papers to copy this explanation in full. Mr. Stiff's actions toward the papers having thus erred has been very gentlemanly and courteous, showing him to be a gentleman capable of realizing that a mistake of even a grave nature can sometimes have no venom in it, and hence we feel an explanation trebly called for.—Sherman Register.

Snap Shots.

Dallas News.

The toper has drunk his health until it is about gone.

It does not matter how much a man has in him, it is worthless if some of it cannot be gotten out.

If the gentleman from Kansas City should make a mistake and want to take Dallas for their city, why, all right. This city is theirs.

When Kansas City and Dallas sup together the golden ringlets of the two sisters hang down to their knees.

The society young lady spends her days shopping and her nights hopping.

The kindest words are "yum, yum, yum."

Cities should not sleep during the day.

The land agents are trying to handle the world's fair.

Society notes—Love letters.

There are more troublesome lodge bills than one.

The man who sings while he works makes a bad job of some thing.

From the time a boy puts on his first pair of pants until the day of his death there is a woman trying to keep him at home.—Atchison Globe.

The tax on the loafer's ingenuity amounts almost to confiscation in some instances.

Sinful man is not only a weak vessel, but he is always running upon a snag.

The generous young man continues to give himself away until nobody will have him.

"There is very little policy among Southern democrats.—

Now that the election is numbered with the things of the past, the much discussed subject, "Arm clutch," is again receiving notice from the press. Oh, let's not retrograte in the editorial field. Discuss something of living moment, for instance: "Grover and the Adirondacks," or "Last springs eggs, what are they and where are they," or the press might take a round at "When the roses come again." These questions might enlist the attention of the reading public, but resurrect the "Arm-clutch" is work spent in vain. Why, Sal and John, and Bill and Sue will go marching on just the same. Fellow-contemporaries, it is useless to try to break the "arm-clutch," and all such efforts are simply love's labor lost. Do you clutch at what we say?

A Bristol woman, while cleaning a chicken the other day, found in its craw a bass hook with a minnow on it and piece of fish line attached.—Ex.

That chicken did a bass act to hook a minnow and then draw a line because it was attached. Some chickens have a heap of craw, anyhow.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't repeat all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Let the Children Sleep.

Let the school children sleep! I wonder how many parents or teachers think of a child's needs in this one respect? The demand upon the child's time and energies are often very heavy, and they grow heavier as the years pass. Physicians declare that no child under 12 years of age should be allowed to study at night, yet teachers require night study of even the youngest pupils; and their hours of sleep are still further curtailed by injudicious parents who rouse them up in the morning before their strength is restored by rest.

A true politician will not strive to find out what is popular, but do what is right.

In the language of the immortal Shakspeare, old Collin county "is a daisy."

Liquors of all kinds continue to fluctuate—they go down and up.

Pull down the rag of hate and substitute the flag of love. Then peace will surely reign.

There is no good reason that vice should have the protection of law, or, in other words, the law should not stand idly by while the work of vice goes on.

Do right in defiance of those who would have you be untrue to your own conscience.

Men declare in their sober moments that they will not touch another drop, yet they allow the influence of companions to control and cause them to cruelly trample the flowers of pledges under their feet.

We received a copy of the Cooke County Signal published at Gainesville, Tex. It is a newsy paper, neatly printed and we cheerfully place it on

Additional Locals.

The Churchess

AT BAPTIST CHURCH.

Last Sunday promptly at 11 o'clock a. m. a DEMOCRAT reporter entered the Baptist church where he had the pleasure of hearing an able sermon, delivered by Rev. B. Hatcher. The minister's text was found in the Acts 1:4, and read as follows: "Wait for the promise of the Father." The speaker eloquently presented the comparison of the soul that was trusting in Jesus to the old ship that waited near the wharf to be received and unloaded—how the latter after a long period of time sailing o'er the rough sea, battling with the stormy waves, would finally, with battered hulk and tattered sail, near the great stone column that arose from the earth foundation, high above the dashing waves, and secure its anchorage by throwing its cable of steel over the column, thus enabling it to rest in safety from the cruel storms of ocean sailing. So it is with the human soul once anchored to Jesus by the strong cable of mercy and love, it can "wait for the promise of the father," in perfect security from the raging billows of life's ocean. The sermon throughout was interesting and well worth the attention which it received. Mr. Hatcher announced the following subjects for next Sunday: "All we like sheep have gone astray," at 11 a. m., and "Give us this day our daily bread," at 7 p. m.

AT CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday night we attended services at the Christian church where Rev. Pritchett delivered. in his usual and happy interesting style, an able sermon, His subject consisted in three propositions. 1st. Man will not let God govern him. 2d. Man cannot control himself. 3d. Jesus Christ is both human and divine. In support of his first proposition he briefly reviewed the history of the human race, disclosing the rebelious spirit of man against his maker. His proof of the second proposition consisted in some particular references, among them that of Alexander the Great, who after he had planted the flag of victory over a conquered world could not even control his own stormy spirit. Governments, as well as individuals, were incapable of perfectly controlling themselves as has been fully demonstrated in the past and is observable during the present. He accounted for the rebelious spirit of man by saying that man abhorred an abstract God; that such a condition called for the human and divine advent of our Saviour. He defended the Bible against the attacks of the infidel world in strong terms, saying that if the Bible and its influence as a moral standard were removed, there would be no difference between virtue and vice. That all governmental laws that tend to moralize the human race are produced from the germ of "Holy writ." The good minister received close attention with the exception of the unmannerly conduct of some young girls and boys in the back part of the room whom he reluctantly reproved.

AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev, Weaver of the Cumberland Presbyterian church preached to a large audience on Sunday night, during which he interested his attentive hearers by a vigorous attack on the misdoings of society and the rottenness in modern politics. He attributed the evil practices of society, mainly to those in high social position, such as generals, majors, colonels, judges, etc.; that persons of wealth and not the peasantry were largely responsible for the present sad condition of affairs. Mr. Weaver is highly spoken of as a gentleman of integrity who has a plain, independent and eloquent manner of expressing himself.

If you are going to buy a piano or organ, call on or write to M. W. Vaughan, 930 Main street, Dallas, Tex. He handles fine goods and will give you an honest deal.

W. D. Kirby of Engleman was in to see us this week.

Those who are in arrears will do us a great favor by paying

McKinney Matters.

McKinney, Tex., Nov. 20.—McKinney had an excellent electric light system, but last night the city council and the owners shut down, and this is why: The uncollected taxes for revenue purposes, $3762.30, the registered indebtedness is now $1793 71, the improvement fund is $3334, there is registered against $3382.55, and the current salaries of officers are $4040. This does not include the expense of the lights, and this will reach $3600.. Public sentiment is very strong in favor of the retention of the electric light system. The problem for the city dads is to pay current city expenses of $12,815 26 with a current revenue of $7096.30 and save enough for July 4, and thanksgiving.

Hon. J. W. Throckmorton, Dr. G. A. Foote and I. D. Newsome, the three noted nimrods of McKinney, left on the morning of the 4th, after voting, for a hunt in the Indian nation. They reached home this morning, rejoicing over the election news. They killed lots of game and had a good time generally.

William Bagley, assignee of Adam Bros., sold the stock to Lucas & Lewis for $1800. This will not cover the expense and preferred creditors. The outstanding notes and accounts are yet to be collected.

One noticeable feature of the late election should not be overlooked, which proves the sincerity of the independent voters of Collin county: R. A. Biggers, a straight democrat, was elected justice of the peace of the Nevada precinct over Capt. G. J. Davie, independent candidate. Mr. Davie had held the office for two terms and was running for a third term. This precinct gave a large majority for the independent candidates with the exception of Mr. Davie, which proves conclusively that they are in all sincerity opposed to "third termism." Mr. Biggers, by the way, is a clever gentleman, who bears no animosity against his political opponents.

McKinney, Tex., Nov. 23.—The hearing of the application for the appointment of a receiver for the North Texas mill and elevator company, before Judge Muse, was protracted last night until midnight and then postposed until to-morrow night, when argument will be heard at Sherman. Shortly before adjournment a distinguished citizen, after several temperate answers as to his knowledge of the affairs of the company, was pressed by an over-inquisitive attorney as to a transaction. "All I know is it was a d—d villainous transaction," astounded court and querist. The silence was embarrassing and the astonished court forgot to fine the badgered witness.

Last Monday morning a railroad laborer and a brilliant son of the "Emerald Isle," entered our sanctum sanctorium and immediately proceeded to discuss "high tariff," "street improvements," "the social condition of ould Ireland," etc. He said he was a high tariff democrat and for about forty minutes he held the DEMOCRAT force spellbound with his interesting Irish eloquence. In regard to paving the streets of McKinney his philosophy fairly made the furr fly. He told how the good Lord had furnished us plenty of timber and how cheaply the H. & T. C. railway would furnish us forty car loads of gravel, until our head fairly began to swim. We are unable to give his wonderful exposition of the "Irish question," which lasted until we were considerably bored. He managed to close his "off-hand" discouse with a pathetic appeal for "the price of a drink." We lost no time to inform our illustrious visitor that we were a busted institution, but if he would step into the next door the flush and sympathetic editor of the Gazette would surely give him money enough to "spiritualize" himself. He went. An hour later we peeped through the keyhole of the Gazette office just in time to see Clint running himself through his largest job press to escape the "late unpleasantness."

Glass and chinaware, the cheapest in the county, at the Nickel store, opposite J. P.

Markam-Callahan.

Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Markham arrived in the city this morning from Gainesville, at which place last evening they were united in marriage by Elder Davis, a leading divine of the Christian church. There is a tinge of romance surrounding this marriage. Dr. Hugh Markham, the groom, who is a prominent young physician of McKinney, had been paying his regards to Miss Fannie Callahan, one of Collin county's fairest daughters, for some time, and it is understood they would have been married some time since but for the objection of the young lady's parents. A few days ago Miss Callahan went to Gainesville on a visit, and yesterday by agreement Dr. Markham met her and they were married.

Dr. Markham was for years a student at Austin College in this city, and has a host of warm friends here who will be glad to know that he has secured as a life partner one so charming and popular.

Our best wishes attend them on their start upon life's journey.—Sherman Register.

The above notice will prove an agreeable surprise to the many friends of the groom in and around McKinney, who wish for him and his beautiful bride a life of unalloyed bliss.

The chautauquans met Saturday at the home of Mrs. Ollie Plemmons. Table talk on "current English news" was made very instructive by Mrs. Church. An instrumental solo by Miss Mary DeArmond was well executed. Mrs. Florence Perkins, as instructress, surpassed herself. The lesson was very interesting. "Our English" was conducted in the following manner: Each member brought an incorrect sentence, which she read. If the next one in order failed to correct it, it was passed successively around the circle until properly corrected. Many heated discussions arose, but "Mr. Webster" usually settled the arguments. A pathetic recitation by Miss Battle closed the exercises. The circle will meet next Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Carry Lovejoy.

Society circles are preparing to extend a royal welcome to Edgar Board and bride, formerly Miss Helen Ardrey, on their return from the bridal tour.

Mrs. Williams of Gainesville is visiting relatives and friends in McKinney.

Miss Winnie Bounds and Winnie Stiff attended the Muse ball at Plano Wednesday.

Miss Lula Sterne of Fort Worth is visiting Mrs. R. E. Bristol.

Misses Lou Throckmorton and Bertie Wilcox made a pleasant visit and attended the ball at Ennis.—McKinney Correspondence Dallas News.

Will Estes of White's Grove came near drowning a couple of weeks ago in Hickory creek, five miles southwest of Denton. The rain washed the wire bridge away, and the creek had fallen some. It began raining as Will was riding through the bottom and night coming on when he reached the creek, he decided to ford it rather than remain in the dark, dark bottom. So in his horse plunged, and by some means got into a drift, splashed around furious and threw Will off. After a hard struggle he managed to reach the bank and thus escaped a watery grave. Will was enthusiastic in his praise of the family who so kindly received him into their home and sheltered him from the rain and darkness, a short distance from the creek.

The best tinware for the lowest money at the Nickel store. Call and see for yourself.

We regret to learn that Leslie, the son of James Nichols, died last Saturday at his parents' home, northeast of McKinney. He was near twenty years of age and leaves many friends to mourn his departure We understand that several more of his family are dangerously sick.

Don't forget to call at the Nickel store when you want a toilet set, album, necktie, handkerchief, or anything else in their line.

J. L. Hendricks of Valdasta

From Parker.

PARKER, Nov. 22, 1890.

Editor Democrat.

We hasten to send you a few dots from our section.

Mr. Ed Knight is very low with fever and not expected to recover.

Mr. Mike Haley has been sick, but is improving.

Our school began last Monday with a small attendance. A large school is expected after the crops are out. The new desks are here and intact. Prof. Armstrong will put up a new blackboard next week.

Mr. Kennedy has sold out and does not know where to move to. We understand that he is going to leave his children here to attend school.

The Willis Bros. have made an addition to their store house, which looks like Parker is on a boom. PYGMAEUS.

E. C. Kitchen of Brownwood, Texas, says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Dr. Thurmond' Catarrh Cure did for me."

Jno. Martin, accompahied by his son William, returned from the west this week.

Lost—a fine large case of the chills. Supposed to have been carried off by Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic. No eward offered. It is gone for good.

Watt Wilson spent last Sunday near the city of Altoga visiting the family of his brother, W. M. Wilson.

Try Sugar Chill Cure, sold on a guarantee, the only chill medicine on the market that is perfectly tasteless. Call on your druggist for it.

Alma Wilson, the industrious merchant of Princeton, visited Dallas last Friday.

C. M Christie of Bethany was in the city last week.

Plano, Tex., Nov. 20.—R. M. Washington, engineer at the compress here, was shot through the thigh last night about 9 o'clock by some unknown party while walking along the cotton wharf. Washington says that four or five shots were fired at him in rapid succession, only one of them taking effect. The wound although painful is not considered dangerous.

Mrs. Lambert, a milliner, made an assignment for the benefit of her creditors yesterday evening. Assets, about $300; liabilities not known. Dr. L. Butler was appointed assignee.

Hon. R. Q. Mills passed through Plano yesterday and took the Cotton Belt train here, on his return to Washington, D. C. The few hours Mr. Mills stopped here a number of prominent citizens met him and he expressed himself freely that he would be elected the next speaker of the house.

Over $150,000 paid by the consumer in Texas alone last year, for Cheatham's Chill Tonic. we offer you this year Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic for the same price, 75 cents per bottle. It is identically the same with the exception of taste. It is so improved you wouldn't recognize it. but its qualities are unimpaired. Guaranteed to cure. Try a bottle and be convinced.

A. A. Honaker and family, accompanied with two other families of Farmersville, passed through the city last Saturday enroute to Beaver, Wichita county, Texas, where they will make their future home. Mr. Honaker kindly remitted for the DEMOCRAT up to 1892. He says he doesn't want to miss one copy, he appreciates it so highly.

We regret to see many of our people moving west, yet prejudice will not keep us from wishing them success.

PRESTON'S HEDAKE CURES ANY HEADACHE "While You Wait," BUT CURES NOTHING ELSE.

FOR MAN AND BEAST USE MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

It knocks out Lame Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Frostbites, Sore Throat, Toothache, Ringbone, Skin Lumps, Harness and Saddle Galls.

It is needed by the Farmer, Stockraiser, Mechanic & Housewife!

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment.

AILMENTS OF HORSES, Mules, Cattle and Sheep.

WILL CURE Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Shoulder Rot, Hollow Horn, Grub and Hoof Disease in Cattle. Scratches in Horses and Mules, Sprains, Windgalls, Spavins, Swinney, Ringbone, Stiff Joints, Lameness and Soreness, Diseased Hoofs, Harness and Saddle Sores and Galls, Blotches, Skin Lumps, Loss of Hair, Film over the Eye.

MUSTANG LINIMENT is Matchless!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT,

Always kept in the Kitchen,
Always " " " Store,
Always " " " Shop,
Always " " " Stable,
Always " " " Ship,
Always " " " Factory,
Always rightly applied.

Will give instant relief and speedy cure to Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Lame Back, Frostbites, Sore Throat, Toothache, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, and kindred affections!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT FOR MAN and BEAST, CURES

PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS and FROSTBITES; Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof-All, Screw-Worms, Swinney, and Saddle Galls.

Rub it in!

Money to Loan!

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE FURNISHED.

Money at the lowest rate of interest, and on long or short time. Interest annually or semi-annually. I have the only complete abstract books in Collin county, showing all transfers from the time the land was patented by the state of Texas to the present owner. When contracted for, a McKinney attorney will give a legal opinion on all abstracts furnished by me. Parties wishing a $1000 loan or more will act greatly to their own interest by securing the loan and abstract through me.

Respectfully,

M. H. BYRNE,
Of the Collin County Abstract Company.

Money, Money, Money.

J. S. JENKINS has been making loans in Collin county for nine years, and he wishes to say to his customers and others, that he can make choice loans at nine per cent. interest. No commissions. No attorney's fees. You get the amount you contract for. Office over H. C. Herndon's drug store. $10,000 to loan on good personal security.

F. Emerson, President, T.T. Emerson, Vice-Pres't, T. H. Emerson, Cashier

First National Bank.

Of McKinney, Texas.

Capital and Surplus, - - $125,000.

Buys and sells exchange on the principal cities in Europe. First-class paper discounted.

DIRECTORS: Francis Emerson, T. T. Emerson, T. H. Emerson, Jno. L. Lovejoy, C. H. Welch.

HURSDAY, Nov. 20, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

"A thing of ...ty is a joy forever," then ...our Christmas presents ...Henry Taylor's fine line of ...

... county commissioners ... the poor farm last Tues... reported all O. K.

...—Dry Goods, ...—dress goods. ...—west Louisiana street; dry ...

... Turner called to see us ...k.

... from 20 cents to $2 per ... the Nickel store.

... Crouch of Farmers... was in the city this week.

... Chill Cure is as sweet as sugar; ...ry for it; don't fail to try it. ...ere,

... order Davis visited Van ...yne this week.

...—hats, boots and shoes. ...—blankets. ...—dry goods and clothing.

...ile enjoying thanksgiving ... one should not forget the ...

When you want the best ... on Webb & Porter at ... Hynes' old stand.

... Tuesday's cotton re... in McKinney were 439 ...

... will be thanksgiving ... at the O. S. Presbyte... church to-day.

... Taylor went to Sher... Monday.

... Bargains in boys' suits ...'s.

... West Side club has de... ...at public improvements ...llure in McKinney.

...ybee, constable of pre... 2, was in the city this ...

... Bargains in millinery at ...

... receipts in McKinney ...nday were 200 bales.

... Bargains in flannels at ...

... not widen our corpora... ...its and thereby become ... improve our city?

... Bargains in dress goods at ...

... recent sunshiny days ...both producer and mer... ...mile.

... Bargains in cloaks at ...

... Hill of the firm of Hill ...bster, we understand, ...ortly move to Weather... His partner, Mr. Web... ...ill continue to sell gro... ...at the old stand.

...y old soldiers, who con... ...d chronic diarrhœa while ...service, have since been ...nently cured of it by ...berlain's Colic, Cholera ...Diarrhœa Remedy. For ...y Bristol Bros.

...bb & Porter are bidding ...sh trade in coal, stock ...etc. For cash bargains ...n them at Webb-Hyne's ...and.

... fifth Sunday meeting of ...llin County Baptist asso... ...n will convene at White's ... next Friday and continue ...nday eve. On Saturday ...will be a basket dinner ... ground.

... lame back there is noth... ...etter than to saturate a ...l cloth with Chamber... Pain Balm and bind it on ...fected parts. Try it and ...will be surprised at the ...pt relief it affords. The ... treatment will cure rheu... ...m. For sale by Bristol ...

... gentle action and good effect ...system really make them a per... ...le pill. They please those who ...

—AT—

MISSISSIPPI STORE

Special bargains in

Jeans and Flannels

Special bargains in

Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks.

Special bargains in

Brown and Bleached Domestic.

Special Bargains in

Blankets and Comforts.

Special bargains in

Clothing and Overcoats.

Special bargains in

Hats and Caps.

Special bargains in

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing goods

Special bargains in

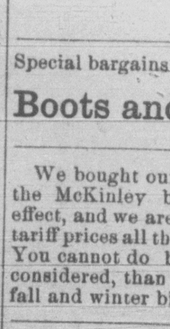
Boots and Shoes.

We bought our goods before the McKinley bill went into effect, and we are selling at low tariff prices all the way through You cannot do better, quality considered, than to buy your fall and winter bill at

Mississippi Store.

Give Us a Trial.

Murphy, Perry & Co.



Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease consumption. Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Bristol Bros.

T. B. Wilson, the veteran surveyor of Collin county, gave a fiftieth birthday dinner at his home on North Cherry street last Sunday. Ye reporter had a kind invitation to be present, but previous engagement, we are sorry to say, prevented us from enjoying the hospitality of our valued friend. We hope, however, Mr. Wilson will live fifty more years filled with flowers of happiness.

THE NEW DISCOVERY

You have heard your friends and yonr neighbors talking about it You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial Dr Kings New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and shonld pe afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Luug or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed very time, or money refunded Trial Bottle Free at E. N.M Auley & Bro's

The McKinney Medical society held its first meeting on last Monday night. The attendance was good. A goodly number of the cases of continued fever occurring in our section was reported. The discussion was lively and interesting upon the proper name, cause and treatment. Dr. W. R. Mathers of Rock Hill was admitted to membership. The next regular meeting will be the 4th Monday night in December. Physicians are invited to attend and participate.

Mrs. Will Gray died last Sunday of typhoid-pneumonio at her home near Higgins' school house, and was buried at Higgins' Monday. The DEMOCRAT extends sympathy to bereaved relatives and friends.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. there is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is but an inflamed condition of mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Notice.

Any person knowing themselves indebted to the old firm of Curtsinger & Lewis are requested to settle with T. C. Boone, as all accounts of said firm have been placed in his hands for collection.

For Rent or Sale.

I offer my two-story brick business house either for rent or sale; lower story is being used for millinery business, upper story well arranged for a family, or nice business offices; good water and elevator for convenience of building For terms, apply to

MRS. FANNIE JOHNSON,
McKinney, Collin Co., Tex.

For Seven Long Years.

I suffered untold agonies with my left leg which was afflicted with a large ulcer that eat away the flesh, leaving the bone visible, which was attended by the most excruciating pain; so great was the pain that I was forced to take six grains of morphine daily. I was induced to try Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Blood Syrup and after taking nine bottles I can say I am entirely cured, am 65 years old and weigh 177 pounds to-day.—William Curry, Gainesville, Texas.

Wiseman blankets, trunks, hats, hats, hats.

☞If you have stock to feed this bad weather Webb & Porter will sell you feed as cheap as anybody in McKinney.

Eczema, ringworm and tetter are all disagreeable complaints and the

An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public: "One of my children took a severe cold and got the croup. I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the gathering in her throat. Then she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got up and vomited; then she went back to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this wonderful medicine." Chas. A. Thompseen, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Bristol Bros.

We are sorry to learn that there is trouble in the Bois d' Arc school community regarding the management of the school. It has no teacher at present as the one who began teaching could not give satisfaction.

Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Hon. W. H. Crain, member of Congress from Texas, writes: "It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to that of hundreds who have experienced relief by the use of your wonderful "Hed-Ake." Cures in fifteen minutes. For sale all druggists, 50c.

J. W. Waddill was appointed receiver in the case of the First National bank of McKinney and the Bankers and Merchants' bank of Dallas against the North Texas Mill and Elevator company. His bond was placed at $50,000.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruisks sores, ulcers, salt rheum fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, childblains, corns and all skin eruptions and Positively cures Piles, or no money required. It is guaranteed to gile perfec tsatfacia tion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bo.
For sale liv E N McAULAY and Bro

A couple bales of cotton caught fire on the square last Tuesday. They were on a wagon when they caught fire, but were thrown to the ground and the flames immediately extinguished. It is stated that a cigarette did the work.

For any disease arising from impure blood take Dr. Thurmond's Lone Star Blood Syrup, the greatest bloop medicine on earth.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price, 50 cents. Sold by Bristol Bros.

Smith Bros.

Keep on hand fresh drugs, patent medicines of all kinds. Also toilet articles of any description; in fact, everything in the drug l... Call and see hem, east side of the square.

Peach Seed Wanted.

Good sound peach seed, new or old, at one dollar per bushel delivered.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK,
McKinney Texas.

Answer this Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them.—Bistol Bros.

Lost his grippe—the man who took Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic., but ain't kickin' and says it's a Lulu—Cheatham's Tasteless.

All parties indebted to A. J. Taylor, deceased, are requested to call and settle at once, as matters must be closed up.

H. W. TAYLOR,
Jeweler, McKinney, Tex.

Wiseman—Clothing.
Wiseman—boots and shoes.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

The McKinney Nurseries

Have received a majority of eleven premiums at the state fair, is located in the black waxey and continues at the old stand, shipping the finest trees and plants found between the oceans. We send price list with instructions, free to all, and you will be astonished at our low rates for cash. Come or send direct to us and save one-half the usual price.

E. W. KIRKPATRICK,

Preston's "Hed-Ake"

Judge J. H. McLeary, ex-Att'y Gen'l of Texas and Past Grand Master, Waco, Texas, says: "It (Hed-Ake) is the best medicine for headache I ever saw." Cures any headache. For sale all druggists, 50c.

A traveling medicine fraud is holding down the southeast corner of the square every day and night. From the way the teeth are being pulled and thrown upon our street we fear it will knock our bois d' Arc paving project in the head.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

Mrs. Florence Perkins, Miss Alice Thomas, A. B. Mays, and W. U. Bagley were elected by the C. P. Sunday school to attend the Sunday school convention which is to convene at Plano on the 2d and 3d of December next.

☞Bargains in carpets at Aron's.

Wiseman—Carpets.
Wiseman—Dress goods.
Wiseman—Trunks.

Notice.

Men's clothing made, cleaned and repaired. Coat-binding a specialty. All work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. Place of business over Shain's grocery store.

Respectfully,
MRS. SALLIE DOUGLASS.

☞Bargains in blankets at Aron's.

Wiseman Clothing. dry goods. trimmings. dress goods.

Before purchasing your jewelry don't fail to see HENRY TAYLOR'S elegant new stock.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Joseph Dale and Miss Sarah Rentfro were married last Sunday morning, Nov. 23, 1890, near Copeville. The DEMOCRAT wishes the happy pair a long, happy and prosperous voyage over life's turbulent sea.

The commissioners' court convened this week to approve bonds of officials elect. That of Capt. W. H. Taylor, treasurer, was approved. The bond of Collector-elect McKinney was rejected because two of the bondsmen lived outside of the county.

Mr. H. R. Jeffries, a young gentleman and school teacher of Hartsville, Tenn, has just arrived among us, with intention of locating here. He will find a warm welcome at the hands of the good people of old Collin.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary society which was published to meet on Sunday eve Nov. 9, inst., was deferred on account of rain and will convene next Sunday at 7:30 p. m., at the Cumberland Presbyterian church. The programme as recently published will be carried out.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Marriage Bells.

The following marriage licenses were issued by County Clerk Keen since our last report:

J. N Dale and Sarah A. Rentfro, A. S. Wheatley and Katie Hunn, W. P. Lewis and Almira Duncan, J. G. Ashlock and Louisa Ashlock, Mark Bumpass and Amelia Harris.

J. G. Ashlock and Louisa Ashlock.

Mark Bumpass and Amelia Harris.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume regular action. Try a bottle. Price 50c at E. N. McAuley's Drug Store.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price, 10c., 50c., and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or lame back, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Bristol Bros.

A gallant editor, in answer to a query if he ever seen a bald-headed woman, says: "No we never did. Why should we? Nor we never saw a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth, stepping into every saloon she saw; a woman going fishing with a bottle in each pocket, sitting on the damp ground all day and going home drunk at night. Neither have we seen a woman yank off her coat, spit on her hands and say she can whip any son-of-a-gun in town. No, God bless her, she ain't built that way."

Henry Tarply of Princeton and Jno. Lake of Engleman made a pleasant assault on us with subscription money last Saturday. Thanks, gentlemen, call again. The latch-string is on the outside.

Here is a little clipping as full of good sense as an egg is of meat. It cannot be read too often: "If your seat is hard to sit upon stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. If you want confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Do not be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly and surely it makes its round and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel horse."

No one knows better than those who have used Carter,s Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

☞Bargains in boots and shoes at Aron's.

Why don,t you try Carter,s Little Liver Pills? They are a postive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

J. M. Teeter, a former citizen of old Collin but now of Frazier, Greer county, called on us a few days ago and renewed for the DEMOCRAT. He is well pleased with Greer county, and says he succeeded in raising a good crop last season.

It is stated that the school at Princeton is progressing finely under the management of Jerome Sneed.

☞Bargains in overcoats at Aron's.

Contentment gives happiness and peace to the mind.

Mrs. A. J. Taylor is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sherman this

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mrs. Jasper Stacy is very sick.

Mrs. Vic Jones is sick.

Mrs. Sinieral and Mrs. Jones Deshay of the city are sick.

Miss Edna McMahan, of White's Grove, who has been sick is convalescing.

Mrs. Ray Wallace, we are glad to note, is convalescing.

Burl Massy is able to be up after a protracted spell of sickness.

Dr. Rice of Celina was in the city yesterday.

A Change.

Having rented the photographic department of my gallery to J. E. Bushing, whom I can recommend as a good workman, I will turn my attention principally to the music business, and also copying and enlarging.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to be remembered in the branches of my busines, which I will now make a specialty,

I am, respectfully,
C. R. WEAR.

New Firm.

Having bought out the assigned stock of groceries of Adams Bros., on east side of square, McKinney, Tex., at a discount, we can give low figures on all goods. Would be pleased to give old friends and the public generally throughout Collin county the benefit of the close figures at which the goods were bought.

LUCAS & LEWIS,
Formerly of Lucas, Collin county, Texas.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Why is it that some men will kick at everything that tends to enhance their property? It is a lack of good sense or natural cussedness. Why do they cry down the merchants of their own town, go to surrounding towns to buy their goods, patronize every traveling lightning rod peddler and insurance agent, instead of doing business in their own towns? Is it on account of ignorance or simply unadulterated damphoolishness?—Denison Dispatch.

Drunkenness—Liquor Habit—In all the World There is But One Cure,

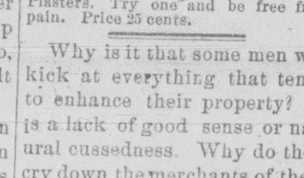
DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race street, Cincinnati O

☞Bargains in men's suits at Aron's.

We learn that the school attendance at the Plano Academy and Plano Institute was over 400 during the first month. Prof. M. C. Portman is the Principal of the former and Prof. J. B. Dodson of the latter

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Ladies, be Beautiful.

OF INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Mme. A. Mar's Skin Bleach is positively superior to all others; is the latest and best ever offered for sale; not a cosmetic; does not glitter on the face; is a perfect skin tonic; guaranteed to remove the worst cases of Freckles, Liver Spots, Tan, Pimples, etc. (if used with my soap according to directions), or money refunded. $1 per bottle; 2 bottles, $2.75. Pure and harmless to the skin.

Mme. Mar's Hair Bleach is perfectly harmless to the hair or person using it. Can be taken in the mouth, it is so pure. One bottle sufficient to golden a dark suit of hair. Price, $2 per bottle.

Superfluous Hairs removed in a few minutes without pain or injury to the most delicate skin. Anyone can use it. $1 per bottle.

Hairy moles removed. All kinds of Scars or Birthmarks removed or red head; and Blemishes of every kind upon the face treated with some success.

Fine hair preparations, fine soaps and rouge face powder.

—N. B.—The discoverer and manufacturer of the Skin Bleach has been known to us for many years. She is a lady of the highest respectability, and her statements are entirely trustworthy.

A. A. WILLITS,
Pastor Warren Memorial Pres. Church.
E. L. POWELL,
W. H. BARTHOLOMEW,
Principal Female High School.

Address, MADAME A. MAR,
407 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Send stamp for circulars. Orders promptly filled. Mention this paper.

DR. J. C. N. SMITH,

Resident Dentist.

☞Price as low as first-class work can be done. Teeth extracted without Pain. Office in Johnson Block.

HONEST WORK.

$20 to $40 a week made by earnest men and women. We furnish the capital. If you mean business, drop us a card and get some facts that will open your eyes! A legitimate line of goods, and honest men wanted to introduce them in town and country. Don't wait! Address, at once.

W. H. McClain, St. Louis, Mo.

McKinney College

WILL OPEN AT

9 a. m. Sept. 1, 1890.

With elegant boarding facilities and a full corps of best teachers, I am prepared to offer to all patrons the finest advantages for thorough education.

DISCIPLINE KIND, BUT STRICT.

R. K. MOSELEY,
President.

INJECTION MALYDOR TRADE THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND. MARK

Our Perfection Syringe free with every bottle. Does not stain. Prevents stricture. Cure gomorrhœa and gleet in 1 to 4 days. Ask druggists ☞Sent to any address for ONE DOLLAR

Malydor Mfg. Co., Lancaster, Ohio

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send one to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call on your neighbors and then send us a few. The beginning of this advertisement shows the result of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a handsome size telescope, as can be seen by carry. We will prepay it, so you know you can make from $10 to $20 a day at least. Send to start, with our experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. ACME MFG. CO., Box 949, PORTLAND, MAINE.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

YOU WANT A WELL Business? The Great "OHIO" Well Drill.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by Thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise Thee gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and glooms with good-bye,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for North and the South and for East and for West,
The horror of war be forever at rest,
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth, and of air and of sky,
That fall on us all from the father on high,
For the crown of all blessing since blessing began,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of The Son
We praise Thee, gracious God.

JEFF'S PUMPKIN PIES.

THE air outside was fairly suggestive of snow; the air inside was strongly suggestive of pies—pumpkin pies. Miss Melinda, standing elbow deep in flour, and the tall, handsome figure leaning in the doorway was looking on with much approval.

"How very fortunate that I did not leave with the summer, or I would never have known a Thanksgiving feast in your charming home—and prepared by your charming self," the young man said, smiling blandly.

"Well, you might not have missed much," she answered with a sidelong glance that seemed to invite further compliments.

Miss Melinda was not a bad looking woman for one who was dangerously near the forties, and was as strongly inclined to spar with Cupid as she had been in her younger days. But then, urged perhaps by the innate cruelty and buoyancy of youth, she had fought that smiling god too savagely; now, in later years, with a growing appreciation of his many charms and graces, she tried to woo him back by gentle, coaxing ways.

In the garments of more than one fashionable tailor he had returned to trouble and torture her, invariably retreating with a broken engagement to his credit, of which she had not been the breaker. A few months before he had appeared in a new guise—as a summer boarder—and Miss Melinda, feeling sure that this was the right man at last, had fixed up her cap with new strings and set it for his wandering feet.

As she was known to possess a small fortune besides the farm, and had some personal beauty to boot, a man might do worse than alloy himself with a self-supporting woman like this, and so thought Mr. Remington Hall, their summer boarder.

After a careful survey of the field and of the one opposing force—in the person of Mr. Jefferson Blake, an awkward but honest villager who had been the favored one before his advent, the enterprising Hall entered into the pursuit of fortune with all the ardor and zeal of a foreign prince.

His rival was fairly well-to-do, bore an excellent character, and had shown an ability to care and do for himself, all of which qualities were enough—and more than enough to blast his matrimonial hopes in America.

"Do you intend to marry this Hall and still keep on a workin' the farm yourself, milkin' and churnin' butter, an' him a sittin' round smokin' all the time?" Jeff had asked her quite plainly one day.

"Who says I intend to marry Hall?" she asked.

"The village," said Jeff, decisively.

"Well," said Miss Melinda, after thinking awhile, "s'pose I was to marry you, as we once planned, what could you do for me?"

Jeff's big brown eyes filled with tears.

"Do for you?" he echoed, "I could work my fingers off. I could wear my heart out lovin' an' worshipin' you."

Miss Melinda, with the average woman's fondness for honeyed words, whether from the right man or wrong man, listened with much complacence, finally dropping her hand down carelessly by her side, not far away from her lover's mouth, for he was leaning up against the porch on which she sat.

Jeff, whose sense of vision must have been blurred with trouble, did not notice it, and with a little sigh he went on:

"And what can Hall do for you, I'd like to know, when he hasn't laid by a penny for himself? He's the kind of chaps that expects other folks will lay by for him. He's after your money, Melinda, that's what he's after as sure as I live," declared Jeff, with unusual boldness.

The lady drew back her hand with an offended air.

"Maybe Hall don't do anything, but I can tell you where he's far ahead of you," she said with a queer look in her eyes; "he don't miss anything," and with this strange reply she left him.

Notwithstanding the coolness between them Jeff went up to Melinda's quite often, determined to keep a watch on the new comer, and if the latter's fortune showed signs of waning to try his own again.

Matters were nearing a crisis just before Thanksgiving, and Remington Hall, as the morning we have mentioned, had about resolved to make a bold stroke for the hand of the American heiress.

"If I were only a blasted foreigner with a title I'd stand a better show," he mused moodily, with a little sneer for the weakness of his countrywomen.

"Might not have missed much?" he repeated, with feigned indignation, "I would have missed more of your incomparable cooking, and you don't know what that is to a man who has always lived in boarding houses. More than that"—his tone growing lower and warmer—"I would have missed your congenial companionship for a little longer period. Do you know"—very tenderly—"I am almost tempted to remain for Christmas."

"Would you go if I said so?" she asked, looking up with a bright smile.

"Everything bad and mean, of course," answered Miss Melinda, whose social studies during a thirty-five years' residence in a village had shown her the usual drift of public opinion on occasions like this.

Jeff said nothing, but laid his hand on hers with a tender gesture, then hastily withdrew it as Remington Hall came walking in.

Very tearfully and with many pauses for breath she related the story of her misfortune to Hall, evidently expecting an outburst of sympathy from him. But she was disappointed.

On her most tender point—the question of domestic demand and supply—he was cold and unsympathetic.

"What are a few pies more or less?" he asked airily.

"A few! There's twenty-four less," she answered indignantly.

"Well, even so, that's nothing to get excited over. It's not necessary to have pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving. I always thought that an absurd custom," he said, thinking it best to make light of the loss, the importance of which he could not comprehend.

Miss Melinda arose, white with rage.

"You think that's an absurd custom, do you?" she hissed. "Then let me tell you I read, which was on a direct line with the cemetery.

This seemed pathetic and poetical to the last degree, and Miss Melinda was so much impressed with it that she dropped a stray tear into the pumpkin pies.

Remington Hall beheld that tear—and his opportunity.

With one stride—which he effected easily, for his legs were long—he bridged the distance between them and clasped her in his arms.

"My darling! why will I not go! Because I cannot live without you! Give me one word of hope—let me remain," he pleaded between half a dozen kisses.

There was a hollow ring to his voice which forced itself on her attention, even in the midst of such bliss.

"Would I be wise to let you?" she asked, feeling a little, in order to gain time to consider that question herself.

"Let your own heart answer!" he exclaimed dramatically.

With a sudden inspiration which the wisdom of the serpent must have prompted in this rustic dove she said archly—

"It will answer, but you must give me time," and drew herself away from his embrace.

Firm in the conviction that he knew all the different varieties of temperaments thoroughly, Remington Hall soon came to the conclusion that this woman was one of those who could not be rushed—to borrow one of his own elegant and expressive phrases, so he contented himself with taking that reply for what he thought it meant—a coquettish acceptance—and went back to his post by the door, flattering himself that he was an excellent man-

After a sleepless night spent in mentally balancing the attractions of her two lovers Miss Melinda arose wearied and unrefreshed.

She had come to no actual decision, still, in her inmost heart, she realized that she would undoubtedly follow where her fancy led instead of taking the path her judgment indicated.

But Remington Hall's fair prospects received a sad blow that morning.

Toward noon Jeff. came walking into the kitchen where Miss Melinda was complacently viewing four-and-twenty golden-brown pies. He had a small slip of paper in his hand which he silently handed her.

"Some poetry he's been a writin'," thought that damsel, who was accustomed to such tributes from her rustic admirers, and she led him into the sitting room. She motioned him to one easy chair and took the other, composing herself comfortably for the better enjoyment of the poem.

But at the first glance a shadow fell across her face.

"Why—it's a tailor's bill!" she exclaimed, "for clothes he's made for Mr. Hall. What on earth have I to do with that?"

"A great deal," said Jeff quietly, "seein' you're goin' to marry him."

"What do you mean?" she gasped, with a sudden chill, for Miss Melinda was one of those who look upon the purchasing power of the almighty nickel as a subject worthy of the most careful consideration, and the idea of any man in his right mind incurring a tailor's bill of $85 took her breath away entirely.

"You see as he's got nothin' he'll expect you to pay his bills," explained Jeff., "and these are clothes he's been owin' Mr. Jinks for ever since he came here. Every month he's been promisin' to pay and never payin', but yesterday afternoon he tells Jinks he's engaged to you and knowin' you'll have to settle all his bills after you're married, Jinks thought you might as well settle one or two before, 'specially as this has been runnin' on so long an' seem' me comin' this way he asked me to give it to you."

"But I don't mean to pay his debts," she answered.

"You'll have to give him somethin' to live on," said Jeff., for he hasn't got a penny, else how'll he buy his clothes?"

"Well," said Miss Melinda, alarmed at this probability, but loath to lose her fascinating lover, "I'd be willin' to 'low him somethin' for his cigarettes an' plug tobacco, but I won't give him a cent for his clothes—let him earn those, or wear the two trunkfuls he's got up in the garret."

At this moment an awful crash in the kitchen startled them, and Melinda rushed out, followed by Jeff.

There was a scene of ruin and desolation, for which the old house cat was clearly responsible, for she sat on the table, her chops ornamented with pastry, calmly contemplating a dish which she had overturned in her critical investigation of the pumpkin pies.

Every one of the four-and-twenty bore conclusive evidence of her personal survey, for they were jumbled and messed together almost beyond recognition.

Overcome by this awful catastrophe Miss Melinda sat down and wept, while Jeff pitched the cat out of the window.

"Every pie ruined; no others in the house, and to-morrow Thanksgiving," she moaned.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," said Jeff, soothingly.

"But there's my brother's family all comin,' and the parson's folks, and whatever would they say to a Thanksgivin' dinner without pumpkins pies, and what would they say to such housekeepin'!"

"Way, what would they?"

IT WAS THE CAT.

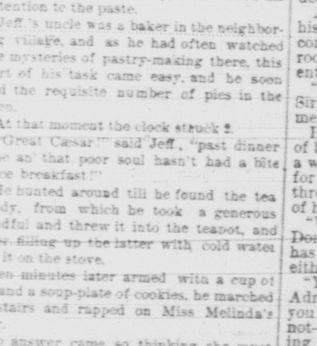
"Why, what can Hall do for you, I'd like to know, when he hasn't laid by a penny for himself! He's the kind of chaps that expects other folks will lay by for him. He's after your money, Melinda, that's what he's after as sure as I live," declared Jeff, with unusual boldness.

a man can cook first-rate—come, Mr. Hall and Mr. Blake, let's see how you'll help me out of this bad mess. Go to work and make twenty-four more pumpkin pies, an' the man who makes the best I'll marry Thanksgivin' mornin', sure!" Then she fled from the room to have a good cry by herself upstairs.

Both men stared at each other in dumb amazement.

Remington Hall was the first to recover.

"Curse me if I'll dirty my cuffs a making pies," he muttered angrily, and stalked out of the house.



"I MADE 'EM!" HE CRIED, EXULTINGLY.

Left alone Jeff. rolled up his sleeves with a resolute air.

"I'll make those pies," he said, "even if they ain't fit to eat. She won't dream o' breaking one afore dinner, an' by that time we'll be married, 'cordin to agreement, an' she won't know what she's eatin', or how things taste."

He cleared the kitchen by shoveling up the broken pies on the dust-pan and pitching them after the cat, and then he set to work in earnest.

Fortunately there was plenty of stewed pumpkin in the pantry, and after putting this into the largest pan he could find, he began to empty the contents of the different spice boxes into the mixture. The molasses jug was also drained over it, and with a reckless disregard for quantities Jeff. poured in all the milk he could find, and put in every egg he could lay his hands on.

"I guess that's enough stuff for twenty-four pies," he said wearily, then turned his attention to the paste.

Jeff.'s uncle was a baker in the neighboring village, and as he had often watched the mysteries of pastry-making there, this part of his task came easy, and he soon had the requisite number of pies in the oven.

At that moment the clock struck 2.

"Great Cæsar!" said Jeff., "past dinner time an' that poor soul hasn't had a bite since breakfast!"

He hunted around till he found the tea caddy, from which he took a generous handful and threw it into the teapot, and after filling up the latter with cold water put it on the stove.

Ten minutes later armed with a cup of tea and a soup-plate of cookies, he marched up stairs and rapped on Miss Melinda's door.

No answer came, so thinking she must be asleep—as indeed she was—Jeff. placed the tea and cookies close to the door—right where she would be most likely to step into them—and returned to the pies.

An hour later, when Miss Melinda came down to the kitchen her eyes were gladdened by the sight of four-and-twenty pumpkin pies, which Jeff. was jealously guarding from any further investigations of the cat.

"I made 'em!" he cried exultingly. "Hall was mad 'cause you said that, and out he went, then I turned in an' made 'em. You won't go back on your word, Melinda!"

There was a pathetic eagerness in his voice.

That eagerness—backed by the pies—won the day for Jeff. Melinda laid her head on his shoulder and cried, partly from the emotion which his efforts had awakened, and partly from rage at the indifference of Mr. Remington Hall.

"If I'm worth takin', Jeff., you can take me," she murmured, upon which he folded her in his floury arms and kissed her.

So they were married on Thanksgiving morning, and although that happened many years ago, Melinda has never heard of the fearful comments on her housekeeping that were made by the relatives and friends who partook of those Thanksgiving pies.

Cranberry Sauce.

The eagle is our national bird all the year except Thanksgiving.—Philadelphia News.

A Thanksgiving turkey should be eaten with thankfulness and winter squash.—Dansville Breeze.

The baseball season is over now, to be sure; but the man who loses his turkey on Thanksgiving Day will be out on a fowl.—Boston Post.

The hotel waiter who was presented with a Thanksgiving turkey by a patron of the dining-room called it "a fowl tip."—Boston Courier.

Never forget to be kind to dumb animals. A few extra handfuls of corn thrown to your turkeys in these cold autumn days may make you feel a great deal happier by Thanksgiving.—Puck.

One can go through from Paris to Constantinople now without change of cars. We mention the fact for the information of those in this country who expect to go to Turkey on Thanksgiving Day.—Rochester Post-Express.

Gobbled Gobblers.

The turkey has no cause for Thanksgiving, if he considers life worth living.—Boston Gazette.

The turkey is a very proud bird. This accounts for its being easily "stuffed."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Russia is all right." But Turkey must be getting very uneasy so near Thanksgiving.—Kentucky State Journal.

There are many poor people who would like to knock the stuffing out of a turkey on Thursday; but some of them must wait until Christmas.—New Orleans Picayune.

The eagle may be the national bird for fifty-one weeks in the year, but it has to take a back seat for the turkey when Thanksgiving comes round.—Rochester Post-Express.

It is well that Thanksgiving, the day of happiness and good cheer, comes before the time when the small boy goes around opening doors and asking, "Say, mister! Gimme a calendar!"—Lowell Citizen.

Song of the Turkeys.

We are coming, Father Benjamin,
Three hundred million strong,
All ready to be sacrificed
For your Thanksgiving throng.
—Danville Breeze.

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you would like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going to give!"

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. "As long as you have the turkey we'll dressed you will pass muster."—Judge.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Sunday-School Teacher—Willie, have you had anything to-day the week to be

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Monica," "Mona Stella," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"I have never been either colder or warmer to Dora Talbot than I have been to any other ordinary acquaintance of mine," returns Sir Adrian, with considerable excitement. "There is surely a terrible mistake somewhere."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Florence, rising in her agitation, "that you never spoke of love to Dora?"

"Certainly I spoke of love—of my love for you," he declares vehemently. "That you shall suppose I ever felt anything for Mrs. Talbot but the most ordinary friendship seems incredible to me. To you, and you alone, my heart has been given many a day. Not the vaguest tenderness for any other woman has come between my thoughts and your image since first we met."

"Yet there was your love-letter to her—I read it with my own eyes!" declares Florence faintly.

"I never wrote Mrs. Talbot a line in my life," says Sir Adrian, more and more puzzled.

"You will tell me next I did not see you kissing her hand in the lime-walk last September?" pursues Florence, flushing hotly with shame and indignation.

"You did not," he declares vehemently. "I swear it. Of what else are you going to accuse me? I never wrote to her, and I never kissed her hand."

"It is better for us not to discuss this matter any longer," says Miss Delmaine, rising from her seat. "And for the future I can not—will not—read to you here in the morning. Let us make an end of this false friendship now at once and forever."

She moves toward the door as she speaks, but he, closely following, overtakes her, and, putting his back against the door, so bars her egress.

He has been forbidden exertion of any kind, and now this unusual excitement has brought a color to his wan cheeks and a brilliancy to his eyes. Both these changes in his appearance however only serve to betray the actual weakness to which, ever since his cruel imprisonment, he has been a victim.

Miss Delmaine's heart smites her. She would have reasoned with him, and entreated him to go back again to his lounge, but he interrupts her.

"Florence do not leave me like this," he pleads in an impassioned tone. "You are laboring under a delusion. Awake from this dream, I implore you, and see things as they really are."

"I am awake, and I do see things as they are," she replies sadly.

"My darling, who can have poisoned your mind against me?" she says, in deep agitation.

At this moment, as if in answer to his question the door leading into the conservatory at the other side of the room is pushed open, and Dora Talbot enters.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Talbot," exclaims Sir Adrian eagerly; "she will exonerate me!"

He speaks with such full assurance of being able to bring Dora forward as a witness in his defense that Florence, for the first time, feels a strong doubt thrown upon the belief she has formed of his being a monster of fickleness.

"What is it I can do for you?" asks Dora, in some confusion. Of late she has grown very shy of being alone with either him or Florence.

"You will tell Miss Delmaine," replies Adrian quickly, "that I never wrote you a letter, and that I certainly did not—you will forgive my even mentioning this extraordinary supposition, I hope, Mrs. Talbot—kiss your hand one day in September in the lime-walk."

Dora turns first hot and then cold, first crimson and then deadly pale. So it is all out now, and she is on her trial. She feels like the veriest criminal brought to the bar of justice. Shall she promptly deny everything, or—No, She has had enough of deceit and intrigue. Whatever it costs her, she will now be brave and true, and confess all.

"I do tell her so," she says, in a low tone, but yet firmly. "I never received a letter from you, and you never kissed my hand."

"Dora!" cries Florence. "What are you saying! Have you forgotten all that is past?"

"Spare me!" entreats Dora hoarsely. "In an hour, if you will come to my room, I will explain all, and you can then spurn me, and put me outside the pale of your friendship if you will, and as I well deserve. But, for the present, accept my assurance that no love passages ever occurred between me and Sir Adrian, and that I am fully persuaded his heart has been given to you alone ever since your first meeting."

"Florence, you believe her?" questions Sir Adrian beseechingly. "It is all true what she has said. I love you devotedly. If you will not marry me, no other woman shall ever be my wife. My beloved, take pity on me!"

"Trust in him, give yourself freely to him without fear," urges Dora, with a sob. "He is altogether worthy of you." So saying, she escapes from the room, and goes up the stairs to her own apartment weeping bitterly.

"Is there any hope for me?" asks Sir Adrian of Florence when they are again alone. "Darling, answer me, do you—can you love me?"

"I have loved you always—always," replies Florence in a broken voice. "But I thought—I feared—oh, how much I have suffered!"

"Never mind that now," rejoins Sir Adrian very tenderly. He has placed his arm round her, and her head is resting in happy contentment upon his breast. "For the future, my dearest, you shall know neither fear nor suffering if I can prevent it."

* * * * * *

They are still murmuring tender words of love to each other, though a good half hour has gone by, when a noise as of coming footsteps in the conservatory attracts their attention, and presently Captain Ringwood, with his arm round Ethel Villiers's waist, comes slowly into view.

Totally unaware that any one is in the room besides themselves, they advance, until, happening to lift their eyes, they suddenly become aware that their host and Miss Delmaine are regarding them with mingled glances of surprise and amusement. Instantly they start asunder.

"It is—that is—you see—Ethel, you explain," stammers Captain Ringwood confusedly.

At this both Sir Adrian and Florence burst out laughing so merrily and so heartily that all constraint comes to an end and, finally Ethel and Ringwood, joining in the merriment that has been raised at their expense, volunteer a full explanation.

"I think," says Ethel, after awhile, looking keenly at Florence and her host, "you two look just as guilty as we do. Don't they, George?"

"They seem very nearly as happy, at all events," agrees Ringwood, who, now that he has confessed to his having been just accepted by Ethel Villiers "for better for worse," is again in his usual gay spirits.

"Nearly? you might say quite," says Sir Adrian laughing. "Florence as we have discovered their secret, I think it will be only honest of us to tell them ours."

Florence blushes and glances rather shyly at Ethel.

"I know it," cries that young lady, clapping her hands. "You are going to marry Sir Adrian, Florence, and he is going to marry you!"

At this they all laugh.

"Well, one of those surmises could hardly come off without the other," observes Ringwood, with a smile. "So your second guess was a pretty safe one. If she is right, old man"—turning to Sir Adrian—"I congratulate you both with all my heart."

"Yes, she is quite right," responds Sir Adrian, directing a glance full of ardent love upon Florence. "What should I do with the life she restored to me unless I devoted it to her service?"

CHAPTER XIII.

When Florence finds her way, at the expiration of the hour, to Dora's room, she discovers that fair little widow dissolved in tears, and indeed sorely perplexed and shamed. The sight of Florence only seems to render her grief more poignant, and when her cousin, putting her arm round her, tries to console her, she only responds to the caress by flinging herself upon her knees, and praying her to forgive her.

And then the whole truth comes out. All the petty, mean, underhand actions, all the cruel lies, all the carefully spoken innuendoes, all the false reports are brought into light and laid bare to the horrified eyes of Florence.

Dora's confession is thorough and complete in every sense. Not in any way does she seek to shield herself, or palliate her own share in the deception practiced upon the unconscious girl now regarding her with looks of amazement and deep sorrow, but in bitter silence.

When the wretched story is at an end, and Dora, rising to her feet, declares her intention of leaving England forever, Miss Delmaine stands like one turned into stone, and says no word either of censure or regret.

Dora, weeping violently, goes to the door, but, as her hand is raised to open it, the pressure upon the gentle heart of Florence is suddenly removed, and in a little gasping voice she bids her stay.

Dora remains quite still, her eyes bent upon the floor, waiting to hear her cousin's words of just condemnation; expecting only to hear the scathing words of scorn with which her cousin will bid her begone from her sight for evermore. But suddenly she feels two soft arms close around her, and Florence, bursting into tears, lays her head upon her shoulder.

"Oh, Dora, how could you do it!" she falters, and that is all. Never, either then or afterward, does another sentence of reproach pass her lips, and Dora, forgiven and taken back to her cousin's friendship, endeavors earnestly for the future to avoid such untruthful paths as had so nearly led her to her ruin.

Sir Adrian, from the hour in which his dearest hopes were realized, recovers rapidly both his health and spirits; and soon a double wedding takes place, that makes pretty Ethel Villiers Ethel Ringwood and beautiful Florence Lady Dynecourt.

A winter spent abroad with his charming bride completely restores Sir Adrian to his former vigorous state, and, when spring is crowning all the land with her fair flowers, he returns to the castle with the intention of remaining there until the coming season demands his presence in town.

And now once again there is almost the same party brought together at Dynecourt. Old Lady FitzAlmont and Lady Gertrude are here again, and so are Captain and Mrs. Ringwood, both the gayest of the gay. Dora Talbot is here too, somewhat chastened and subdued both in manner and expression, a change so much for the better that she finds her list of lovers to be longer now than in the days of yore.

It is an exquisite, balmy day in April. The sun is shining hotly without, drinking up greedily the gentle shower that fell half an hour ago. The guests, who with their host and hostess have been wandering idly through the grounds, decide to go in-doors.

"It was on a day like this, though in autumn, that we first missed Sir Adrian," remarks some one in a half tone confidentially to some one else, but not so low that the baronet could not hear it.

"Yes," he says quickly, "and it was just over there"—pointing to a clump of shrubs near the hall door—"that I parted with that unfortunate cousin of mine."

Lady Dynecourt shudders, and draws closer to her husband.

"It was a marvelous story," observes a pretty woman who was not at the castle last autumn, when what so nearly proved to be a tragedy was being enacted; "quite like a legend or a mediæval romance. Dear Lady Dynecourt finding him was such a happy finish to it. I must say I have always had the greatest veneration for those haunted chambers, so seldom to be found now in any house. Perhaps my regard for them is the stronger because I never saw one."

"No?" questioningly. "Will you come and see ours now?" says Sir Adrian readily.

His wife clasps his arm, and a pang contracts her brow.

"You are not frightened now, surely?" says Adrian, smiling at her very tenderly.

"Yes, I am," she responds promptly. "The very name of that awful room unnerves me. There is something evil in it, I believe. Do not go there."

"I'll block it up forever if you wish it," declares Sir Adrian; "but, for the last time let me go and show its ghostly beauty to Lady Laughton. I confess, even after all that has happened, it possesses no terror for me; it only reminds me of my unpleasant kinsman."

"I wonder what became of him," remarks Ringwood. "He's at the other side of the world, I should imagine."

"Out of the world, at all events," says Ethel, indifferently.

"Well, let us go," agrees Florence resignedly.

So together they all start once more for the old tower. As they reach the stone steps Sir Adrian says laughingly to Lady Laughton:

"Now, what do you expect to see? A ghost—a phantom? And in what shape, what guise?"

"A skeleton," answers Lady Laughton, returning his laugh; and with the words the door is pushed open, and they enter the room *en masse*.

The sunlight is stealing in through the narrow window holes and faintly lighting up the dismal room.

What is that in yonder corner, the very corner where Sir Adrian's almost lifeless body had been found? Is this a trick, a delusion of the brain? What is this thing huddled together, lying in a heap—a ghastly, ragged, filthy heap, before their terrified eyes? And why does this charnel-house smell infect their nostrils? They stagger. Even the strong men grow pale and faint, for there, before them, gaunt, awful, unmistakable, lies a skeleton!

Lady Laughton's jesting words have come true—a fleshless corpse indeed meets their stricken gaze!

Sir Adrian, having hurriedly asked one of the men of the party to remove Lady Dynecourt and her friends, he and Captain Ringwood proceed to examine the grewsome body that lies upon the floor; yet, though they profess to each other total ignorance of what it can be, there is in their hearts a miserable certainty that appalls them. Is this to be the end of the mystery? Truly had spoken Ethel Ringwood when she had alluded to Arthur Dynecourt as being "out of the world," for it is his remains they are bending over, as a few letters scattered about testify only too plainly.

Caught in the living grave he had destined for his cousin was Arthur Dynecourt on the night of Sir Adrian's release. The lamp had dropped from his hand in the first horror of his discovery that his victim had escaped him. Then followed the closing of the fatal lock and his insensibility.

On recovering from his swoon, he had no doubt endured a hundred-fold more tortures than had the innocent Sir Adrian, as his conscience must have been unceasingly racking and tearing him.

And not too soon either could the miserable end have come. Every pang he had designed for his victim was his. Not one was spared! Cold and hunger and the raging fever of thirst were his, and withal a hopelessness more intolerable than aught else—a hopelessness that must have grown in strength as the interminable days went by.

And then came death—an awful lingering death, whilst the loathsome rats had finished the work which starvation and death had begun, and now all that remained of Arthur Dynecourt was a heap of bones!

They hush the matter up as well as they can, but it is many days before Florence and her husband, or any of their guests forget the dreadful hour

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SEASONABLE HINTS FOR GOOD AUTHORITIES.

Importance of Good Care for Sheep in Winter—Pruning Grapevines—Horses That Skater—Pointers for Poultrymen—Stock Notes—The House.

Winter Care of Sheep.

Sheep in the pen will sometimes lose their wool in large quantities, and the cause remain a mystery to the owner. This comes from various causes, and an investigation of the condition of the sheep will be necessary to ascertain the difficulty. Sometimes if sheep have been in poor condition and are thriving quickly, the change will cause the wool to fall out in quantities. Again, if sheep are infested with vermin, rot, pelt rot or scab, they will lose their wool rapidly. For pelt rot and scab there are various ointments recommended. If the sheep losing wool should be dipped as early as possible, a new growth will be encouraged on the bare places, and will perhaps prevent further falling off in other places. Vermin and scab are liable to get on the sheep at this time of the year any way, and a great deal of care is required to prevent such diseases.

Sheep are very peculiar as to their tastes and the kind of food they eat, and they will never eat unsuitable food unless it is the only alternative. If hunger and starvation stare them in the face they will take up with almost anything, but they will never grow rapidly or take on much flesh under such unfavorable conditions. The feeder should cater to their desires, especially during the unpleasant weather of fall and winter, when the sheep cannot select for themselves. The most successful eastern sheep feeders adopt the plan of feeding at least three times a day, and feeding only such food as the sheep will eat up clean. Too liberal feeding is a mistake in several ways. There is a great deal of waste attendant on it, and the sheep do not profit by an overabundance. A small rack should be kept near the sheep for hay, and fresh hay should be put in it two or three times during the day. See that the quantity is just enough to satisfy the wants of the sheep until the next feeding hour. Hay in the morning without grain, fodder at noon, and some grain and hay for the evening meal is the best diet. Such regularity of feeding, supplemented by regularity of water, will keep a flock in good condition through the winter, and prepare them for rapid spring growth.

Pruning of Grape Vines.

Fall pruning of the grape vines is better than spring for young or tender varieties, which are to be protected through the winter, but early spring is preferable for the large, standard varieties. The time to prune is anywhere between the falling of the leaves and the swelling of the buds. Grape vines that are not protected during the winter do much better with all of their wood on, and then in the spring they may be pruned more intelligently. If the cold has affected any of the shoots or branches, they may then be cut off, and the whole work done with a view to making the vines produce the most. Nothing but experience can teach one the best method of pruning, but the first lesson is to learn not to attempt to do it in a hurry. The vines should be looked over first, and find out whether any of the older vines show signs of having finished their work and have become bare of fruit spurs and bearing wood. This should first be removed to make more room for the healthy ones. A young vine seldom shoots out from an old stalk without some cause, and it is a pretty sure sign that the old one has lost its vigor and the young one is appropriating it all to itself.

The object in pruning the vines is to encourage the young, strong shoots all that is possible, and everything should be done with this object in view. After removing all the dead wood and weak fruit-spurs and branches, then begin on those that are left. Cut the weakest back to one bud, and the strong ones to two or three buds. The very young, strong branches may not be cut back so far as this, unless there is not sufficient room for them to grow and develop in.

Animal Ailments.

While confined in the winter enclosure the animals are subject to many ailments, which if allowed to continue unremedied may develop into something of a serious nature. Slavering in horses is one of these complaints which is common enough, and not always judiciously handled. When kept on bad fodder, or second growth clover hay, horses are liable to this disease temporarily, but if it is allowed to run on the salivary glands they will become so weakened from the unnatural stimulation that slavering will become chronic. Temporary relief is to remove the cause, and to give the animal a small head of cabbage when taken from the stable to be harnessed up. A change of diet will also be necessary if the slavering does not cease. This is not strictly a disease, but if allowed to run all through the winter months it will have a tendency to weaken the animal and induce other complaints to set in.

Pointers for Poultrymen.

Mongrel breeds are getting too common in the poultry-yard, and it is all due to the crossing nuisance. The idea is too prevalent that by crossing the fowls better results will be obtained, and that young, vigorous chickens, combining the good qualities of the two breeds, will be produced. The crossing nuisance overlooks the important fact that good results can only be obtained by crossing the proper breeds, and that indiscriminate crossing will inevitably result in destroying both flocks. Mongrel breeds result from two excellent breeds. The best results are obtained by adhering strictly to pure breeds, and crossing should only be attempted along certain lines. An amateur should never attempt this without taking the counsel of those who know whereof they speak. There are many poultry raisers who cannot preserve two good breeds more than a year.

Black Currants.

The cultivation of the black currant, or, as it is often called, the English currant, is increasing. It is less acid than the red or white kinds, and makes an excellent sauce. To any one who is accustomed to its peculiar flavor it is liked in its raw state. But there need be no difficulty in growing red currants, as while hellebore destroys the worms that attack them, and without any injury to the fruit. Black currants are not attacked, as they belong to another species of plants, and currant worms never make the botanical mistake of attacking a plant not belonging to the species especially prepared for their use.

Proper Care of Lamps.

While it is new, a lamp may be neglected and yet burn very well. But soon the top of the burner will be encrusted with black, and the small holes, which are so essential to proper ventilation, will become clogged with dust, and a dim light and an unpleasant odor will be the result. To know beyond doubt that a lamp properly filled and cleaned will never explode, one need only to be conscious enough for

and trials that oftenest mar our happiness, and that many an evening has been made miserable by a forlorn looking, sputtering lamp, and it would seem no further argument were necessary to show that prevention is far better than cure.

Growing Geese For Profit.

Much wild land, especially with streams of water running through it, may be made a source of profit by keeping geese for their feathers and for selling when the proper season comes. With a little care at first goslings soon become hardy, and with very little feed will soon come to the age for picking. This for the first time is when they are about ten weeks old. Only a few feathers are plucked at first, and the picking may thereafter be made every six weeks until cold weather suspends operations. The last picking of feathers should be about six weeks before Christmas for those to be killed at that time. They will then be in full feather and pick easily after being killed.

Ashes For Corn-Fed Hogs.

Corn is not easy of digestion, and hogs fed on it easily become cloyed. A dose of hard-wood ashes, and still better if ashes are made from corn cob, restores their appetite, and keeps them in thrifty condition. This, however, is only to be recommended for fattening pork, as the ashes, like the soda and baking powders used for making biscuit, it really injurious to digestion in the long run. With hogs that are fattening, the digestive organs a year hence are matters of minor importance.

Stock Notes.

A little salt in the food will always be useful and healthful for pigs. A small handful of salt thrown into the food of six or eight pigs every day will improve it.

Very sour food is not wholesome for a pig. It is not digestible and produces injurious gasses in the bowels which are absorbed into the blood and cause diseases of various kinds. But if bran and corn meal are mixed daily with hot water for the next day's feeding, the slight acidity of the food will be agreeable and healthful for the pigs. The mixing barrel should not be washed out, but a small quantity of slop left in to start the fermentation of the fresh food we may put in.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To cure and heal a running sore, apply alum water twice a day.

In making over a room take the prevailing color in the frieze for key, and paint all the woodwork and the marble mantel to match.

A quart of water, recently taken from a typhoid-infected district in France was found to contain upwards of 20,000,000 typhoid germs. It was the result of careful scientific investigation, and shows how extremely necessary it is to destroy the excreta of typhoid patients.

All engravings or photographs that are framed in wood up to the edge look much better if the frame is rather flat and the wood is stained to harmonize with the tones of the picture. A silver or bronze beading is now often used on the outside of the frame, instead of inside next the picture.

To wax your floors, wait until the varnish is thoroughly dry, and then apply with a rag wax finish, which you can now buy prepared, and polish afterward with a brush. The heavy floor-brushes are very expensive, but any close scrubbing brush will do if rubbed with a flannel afterward.

When the face is usually pale, bathe it in tepid water, rubbing briskly with a Turkish towel. Then apply every day the following preparation: Four ounces of rose water, two ounces of glycerine and one ounce of diluted liquid ammonia. Rub it well into the skin for about three minutes, and then wipe off with a soft towel. If any irritation is felt, add a little more glycerine to the preparation.

LOOKED LIKE A JUDGMENT.

Queer Circumstance That Affords Great Capital for Superstitious Talk.

Residents in a certain seaport town of Lincoln county remember a circumstance connected with the erection of its oldest church, says the Lewiston Journal. There is a deal of superstition as native to those ledges as the ill-smelling rockweed. The townspeople were very poor when the old church was built. The actual amount of money given toward it was very small indeed. Hardly a person in town but contributed some material, however. In the northern part, close by a cove whose banks were mantled with beautiful moss, after the first few feet of cliff, and crowned with sturdy trees and straight, stalwart pines, lived a man noted for other things than generosity. The soliciting committee had put off asking for his contribution until others had poured in and the church was a sure thing. Then they waited upon him and said: "Mr. Blank, we want that monster pine of yours for your contribution to the church. It will make an excellent sill; will you give it?" "Give my best pine tree—give any of my pine? No, sir. Not one of them shall come down." Nothing could shake this determination. In less that a week arose one of the heaviest storms ever known on that coast. And not one of those proud pines in the man's forest was left; and the tallest pine, the one wanted for a sill, was riven from top to bottom by the thunderbolt.

Concerning the Brain.

For a long time it was supposed that the relative weight of the brain, as compared with the body, was greater in man than in any of the lower animals; but, alas! for poor human nature, it is now known that some of the smaller South American monkeys have, proportionally, a larger share of brain than our noble selves. On the other hand, however, man carries (absolutely) more weight in his cranium than any other breathing creature, except the elephant and the whale.

As a rule, says the New York Ledger, the human brain increases in gravity—specific gravity, we mean, of course—up to the twentieth or twenty-first year, and from the "age of discretion" till the fortieth year usually remains in statu quo. After forty, the organ in most cases begins to wilt. It continues to decrease in volume more rapidly as we grow older, and in those who are unhappy enough to reach the seventh stage of "second childishness and mere oblivion," there is nothing of it left worth mentioning.

Climate and Health.

The importance of climatology is gradually becoming recognized. No one can doubt that of the many factors which contribute to help or hinder physical well-being, a very large share must be attributed to climate, understood in its widest sense—i. e., to those conditions of atmosphere and soil which are constantly operating upon us by day and by night. The air we breathe, its temperature, humidity, pressure and purity, the amount of sunshine we receive, the character of the winds to which we are exposed, the nature of the soil on which we reside—all these factors have a potent influence upon the organism in health, and still more in disease.

A THINKER'S VIEW

Condensed Propositions Concerning Pat R. Clark, M. D.

Money is a creature of the It was created to serve the

1. As a standard of comp determining values.

2. As an instrument to commodities.

3. To compute and expe accounts, and commercial va

Money is convenient in tra necessary in fulfilling the and obligations of gro Money should express fixed commercial values. In ord this the amount in circulat bear a certain